

1-246

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE

Joyous * CHRISTMAS



Loving you today,
To the limit of my love,
Will bring me
To a love of everyone tomorrow.

Volume 2
Number 6

(202)965-9650

Contributors this issue are Sam Scotland-Carla Ward-Paul Jones - Carolyn Miller-Mary Chancellor-Stephen Allen Whealton-David Evans-Robyn Johnson Ross-Tom Howell-Karen Crash Shore-George Winnette-Ruth Stenstrom-Kaulani Lee-Judy Willis-Merrill Greene-Mack Emselem-David Warren-Tim Healy-Mike Schreiber-Richard Harrington , editor.

A BRIEF VACATION · NEXT ISSUE · JANUARY 6, 1971

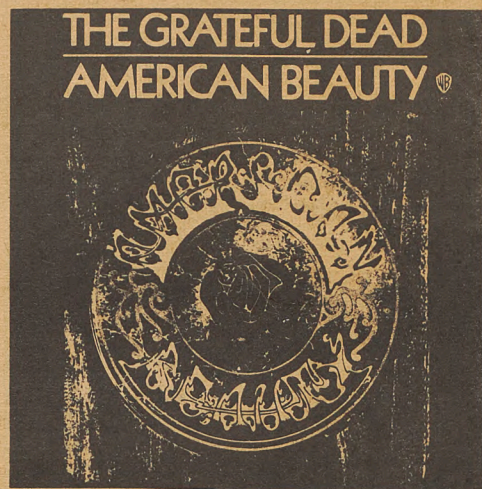
At the end of their "Open Letter" they generously refrain from suggesting that we be trashed. We would like to pick up on one of their suggestions—find a *Harry* and read it. Decide yourself why we are opening an office in Washington. Then decide what motivated *Quicksilver*, Washington's revolutionary underground newspaper, to write their "Letter".



YOU CAN HELP US BUILD BROADEN IMPROVE

3

A

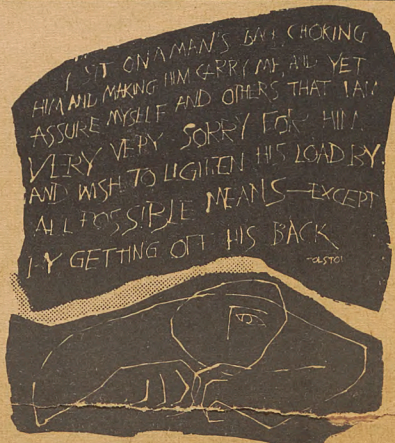


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(Warner Album 1893)

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B



ORIGINAL 4-COLOR SERIGRAPH



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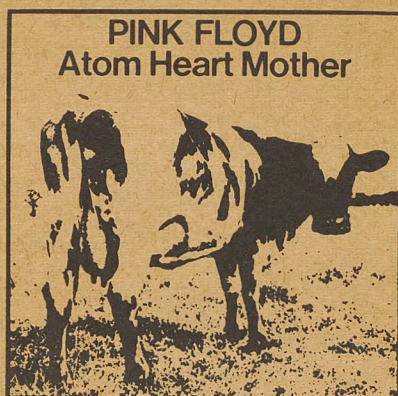
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C

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D

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An expression of lyric thought and musical influences . . . an album of love and concern . . . and contemporary significance. A Song I heard; Mr. Bainbridge; Wintry Morning/Joanne; Free to Love You; That's What I Like; Elena; Rocky Mountains; (Love It) Just a Passing Thing; One Last Chance; Eddie; I Have No Time.

ST-644

E

Bloodrock 2

BLOODROCK 2



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ELLIPSIS: THE DANCE

We dance the ritual death of personal pronouns...
 so long we are away from our lives,
 holding our beakered thoughts at arm's length,
 whose reactions and combinations we do not know.

Movement of masses
 in daylight
 out of windows
 looking at and laughing with
 and out,
 eccentricity on the boulevard....

The sun down,
 shadows bloom
 from unknown shapes.

Vague evening
 latent winds
 stir in the turning
 of twilighted hues...
 deception
 now lies potential
 in mist-slickness
 and we must hurry
 through foggy sighs
 to reach shelter.

Out of the amoebic colloid of my elder's coupling
 I grew,
 scrambling up,
 womb-dropped, red and bare,
 to sense my way.

Ritual life,
 sleeping and eating
 padding softly a path
 enveloped in the
 thunderous deluge of sight
 in my eyes...
 I do not relax.

retreat
 retreat
 before the slow advances slowly
 stand quietly in doorways
 with sun mixed in bulbs
 causing silhouettes of hazy form
 in doorways:
 grey, dim-blurred, water-washed lines...
 ears slacken in the time
 before the streetlight glows grey,
 go in more
 join the odours of half-light, go in.

My mother's teats, full to bursting,
 hang heavy, dripping, and close, close,
 even in memory over first-taken prey.
 I merely eat--there is no imagining
 beyond the death.

Yet, unless I lay myself down,
 unseen alone,
 in fields, yellow-stubbed stalks
 glazed in the periphery of my blank gaze up..
 and ask:
 my self, the named thing, I...
 and answer:
 the dance of the portrait
 of the meaning of
 the word...

Housed further inside
 necessary frames,
 clothed in artificial pallor,
 sit, closer,
 in a chair, meditate
 in the expected shadows
 of known things...
 eyes are closed
 inside eyelids...

I speak, like an urgent pen
 on unlined paper:
 body-flashing words
 written in the writing
 of my self, dancing....

I dance my own,
 insulated in patterns
 spontaneous, swirling
 in infinite helix.



I do not need special places,
static equipment,
baggage of craft,
nor necessary times, to explore,
to be mysteriously curious,
tongueing the inquiring pronouns;
no, only the inner-egg quiet
of self-wombed thoughts,
synapsing in any place, subtly.

Silence, unaccustomed,
thinks up new ways
to destroy itself,
finally fills every pore,
to cause the blink and nod
in half-assent
to unfelt need
to abandon time for now,
for now,
close the inside eyes
to maintain deceit
between need and wish...

There is no known rule, logic of act
binding this process.
The monologue is free
a tortured convolute...
no test-tube is whirled
in centrifugue arcs
to press,
like grapes for sacrificial wine,
fractions of troubled insight out,
to find formulas of identity
in continuously tracing open,
then closed
curves with any dimension.
With finesse I distill my tears
and fear alone...
may I have this dance?

...the glitter in negative
of afterglow
swimming in dots and traces
against the inner skin of eyelids
and imagined direction...

Under the strobing sun
every move is an instant,
a quivering distinctness.
Take each separated point...
think it: a poem's line
a dance's step
element in final compound.
Yet the flickering ceases
and the light pulses slower
slower.

I am the procession and the virgin
goat-man, Dionysus,
the satyr,
both the character and the setting.
Still, this drama is only abstract blood-letting;
there is nothing visceral in the parts
of speech alone. So
I am my words, what I say
not what I say I am.
but what I say
listen
you will know.
The knife descends
and the bleating ceases.

There is nothing left to do now,
quietly disengage,
to assume unconsciousness
like putting on pajamas
in ritual departure...
yet you are still you:
this dying is the loneliest process,
a pen of moonshaft softly
scratching on the unused space
of memory a reformation
nascence, ritual birth.



Practiced hands measure liquids and solids;
white bodies, coated in symbol of craft,
move in mysterious ways from glass
bottles, structures of attempts to find
another answer to the poet's question.

Among retorts and flasks, logic pervades
the other odours of elements in mixture.

Yes,
each moment is a step, each word,
either cause or effect, never displaced
by uninducing thought.

But not as a puppet, on strings, flopping
in crude imitation of its master's hope
nor made of metal-linked joints
nor carved out wood...
nor molded in handled clay
nor lathed to sinews and fibers...

No sculptor or dauber is capable
to copy this form to harden or dry
in unmoving moments of sight or breath.

I would not last long,
smoothed by hand,
then chipped, pocked
by passing time,
measured in tasteless eyes...
nor am I whole in parts,
counted and viewed
through lenses and scopes.

For I have been alone to the hills,
sacrificed and returned, bloody-handed
and breathless,
to find riotous crowds dancing a word
on crude platforms,
celebrating this ritual death,
inventing a myth;
and I am the first actor and the act.

PAUL R. JONES



GEORGE WINNETTE

The photographs of George Winnett (currently on exhibit at the Biograph Theater in Georgetown) display a very attentive eye for detail and form. A self-professed amateur from Silver Spring, Maryland, Mr. Winnett is nevertheless a very inventive and fascinating captor of static motions inherent in both animate and inanimate objects. These photos are the testimony.

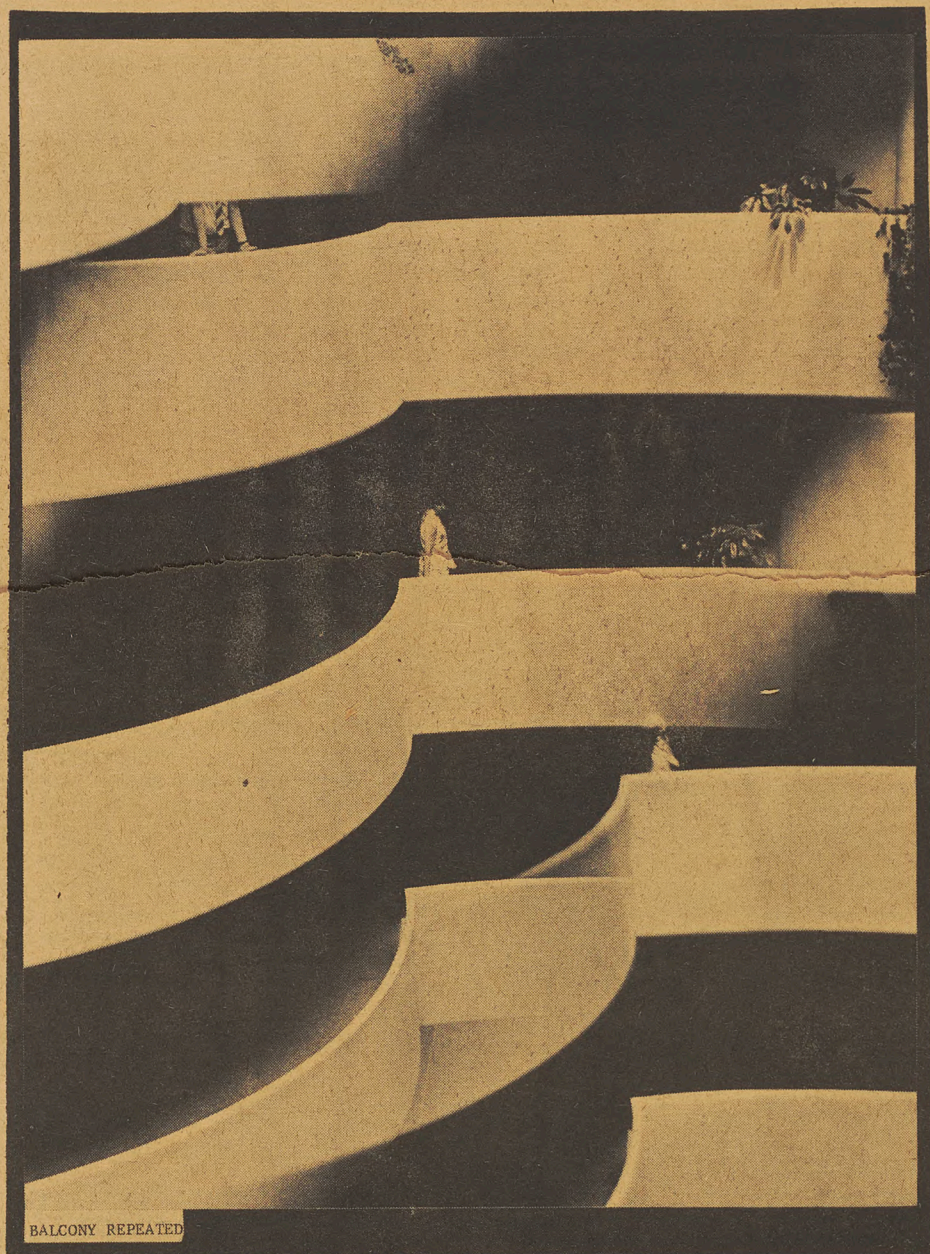


AMPHITHEATER CURVES



THE TRAVELERS

GEORGE
WINNETTE



BALCONY REPEATED



ICE BALLET



DRAMA

MOTHER COURAGE at Arena Stage

THE MEASURES TAKEN at Theatre Lobby

Washington theatre is generally characterized by amateur productions of serious material (Back Alley, Theatre Lobby) and overwrought professional productions of extraneous and irrelevant works. For anyone seriously committed to the idea of vital theatre finding a home in the nation's capital, theatre going is more often a frustration than a delight. Ever more lavish auditoriums, outlandishly expensive dimmer boards and stylized direction are consistently substituted for the one certain reality of theatrical experience: the confrontation and interaction of audience and actor. When honest productions of important pieces are given they are more often received with indifference or rancor by the area's major critics, apparently blinded by consistent exposure to the trivia laid before them. Bloated on the pap fed to them by local productions, they confuse art with entertainment (though obviously not mutually exclusive, neither are they necessarily synonymous) and unwittingly forfeit their claim to critical intelligence. Sacrificing any remnant of a capacity for moral and aesthetic discrimination they exhibit themselves as mere reporters, pandering to the tastes and standards of the status quo.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the reception of recent productions of Brecht. Coe of the Post, for example, while approving of the effort behind the Baltimore Theatre Ensemble's interesting presentation of THE MEASURES TAKEN dismisses the agonizingly intense moral questioning at the core of the play as "arid claptrap". Similarly, in approaching the current Arena Stage production of MOTHER COURAGE, he is misled by a program statement of the author's intent and fails to recognize Viveca Lindfors' rich creation of one of the most vital characters to ever walk across a Washington stage.

The squalid malingering peasant figure of the camp follower, Mother Courage, is at the heart of the play bearing her name. Dragging her cart carrying both used and useless goods as she follows the idiotic meanderings of the Thirty Years War, she loses her two sons to the senseless slaughter and watches as her mute daughter is first raped and then killed in the continuing absurdities of war. At the play's end, she is alone on stage with her wares, a strange pitiful creature, yet somehow noble in her instinctual capacity to survive and endure.

It is a testament to Miss Lindfors' special talent that the character comes to us as both sordid and transcendent, and never less than wholly credible.

While it is Miss Lindfors' performance which most holds the audience's attention, she is supported by a fine cast, intelligent staging and intriguing musical support. Howard Witt, Richard Bauer, and Michael Fairman are fine in their respective supporting roles as cook, cleric and general. Jane Alexander is singularly strong as the dumb daughter and Ned Beatty appearing in two different roles is, as always, a delight. The only notable exception to this general excellence was Donegan Smith as Eilif, Mother Courage's older son. Weak in THE NIGHT THOREAU SPENT IN JAIL, he is simply bad in MOTHER COURAGE.

Though I find it incredible to think that the director, Gilbert Moses, should have ever thought the play a "dead thing: a European museum piece", his direction and staging seem well-thought out. His efforts to "contemporize", though occasionally incongruous to the action of the play, are amusing, and heighten the timeless relevance of the work.

Brecht is one of the few dramatists of our century to confront the function and purpose of his own art in the most fundamental terms. He wrote, "How can the theatre be both instructive and entertaining? How can it be divorced from spiritual dope traffic and turned from a home of illusions to a home of experience? How can the unfree, ignorant man of our century, with his thirst for freedom and his hunger for knowledge, how can the tortured and heroic, abused and ingenious, changeable and world-changing man of this great and ghastly century obtain his own theatre, which will help to master the world and himself?"

As a playwright, Brecht most effectively answered his own questions with the creation of MOTHER COURAGE. Yet he was a man haunted by the vision of chaos and oppression in post World War I Germany, the crumbling social order which anticipated the rise of Nazism. Confronted with the suffering of the masses and the very real greed and unconcern of the middle and ruling classes, Brecht gave himself wholly to the scientific certainty of a better future offered him by Marxism. Early in his career he set about to write instructional plays, more for the benefit of the actor than the viewer.

Off these, THE MEASURES TAKEN is easily the most effective. It brings to life on stage issues which must be met by anyone alive to the social problems of our time. Fundamentally it challenges the idea of self with the demands of social betterment. Can the individual transcend the historical reality? Of what use is sympathy for suffering if it does not serve to alleviate that suffering? What does personal integrity mean in the face of suffering? And can moral and emotional outrage justify the sacrifice of rational organization and planning for structural (violent or non-violent) change?

These questions come to life in the story of three communist organizers in China and their young guide. Because of various well intentioned but misdirected acts the young comrade threatens to expose the organizers and hinder the possibility of revolution. He acknowledges his faults and can find no other alternative but his own death to save the group. With his consent, he is executed.

Regardless of one's response to Marxism, the metaphoric implications of the play are awesome, far outstripping Brecht's own didactic purposes. And in the face of the hell bent race for destruction on the parts of many of America's more intelligent and sensitive youths, timely indeed.

In the Baltimore Theatre Ensemble's production, the dialogue was taped and the action mimed. It played for two weeks at Theatre Lobby to small houses. And that is a pity. For though the final offering was erratic there were three fine mimists in the company, and the others are clearly beginners - there was an intensity and quality to the show which can only be had by the close interaction and confidence of one actor for another. Baltimore is very fortunate to have such a group struggling to survive in its midst. It is ironic of course, that those are the literal terms of its existence. One only wishes that someone would have the commitment and foresight to establish such a group in Washington.

DAVID EVANS



VIVECA LINDFORS

A small following of Washington theatre goers and curious "What's going on here" people stand around Wisconsin and Dumbarton Avenues each Friday and Saturday night. The event, Washington's new OPEN STAGE. The theatre is housed in the Dumbarton United Methodist Church at 3133 Dumbarton Avenue.

The new theatre is a co-operative adventure of American University's Theatre and the Dumbarton Methodist Church. Both wish to encourage the development of theatrical experimentation by providing a facility and modest production budgets for theatre artists to stage worthwhile presentations which might otherwise go unproduced. The OPEN STAGE is attempting to present the widest variety possible. Every week-end since October, the theatre has presented something new in an effort to remind audiences that there are an indefinite number of exciting kinds of theatre.

The OPEN STAGE premiered with the New York City Street Theatre's production of "Come On In My Kitchen-There's Going to Be Raining Outdoors". This first booking spoke very well indeed for the OPEN STAGE, for there is nothing soft-spoken in the joining of a congregation, a student body and a politically minded street-theatre. After the show, the audience and cast gathered in "The Aftermath", a large room downstairs put aside for discussions and coffee. Both discussions and coffee were particularly strong that evening. It was a good opening, and the theatre has been going strong ever since while continuing to offer an assortment of entertainment. To date, the theatre has staged: evenings of original films --- Back Alley's production of FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES --- THE MOUSETRAP, with the British Embassy Players --- Topper Carew's THE JUST US, an evening of jazz --- and seven one act plays directed by American University graduate students.

The theatre will be dark for a few weeks, but will re-open in January. This first period has been rough work for those involved. It has required their dedication, imagination and long hours to get the theatre on its feet. But the staff, consisting of five University and five Church representatives can begin to breathe easier now. The audience is still small and there are still knots to be straightened out. But the new theatre is now standing her own ground. Both Reverend Harry Kiely, minister to the Church, and Dr. Nickolas Havey, AU Theatre professor and artistic director to the OPEN STAGE have cause to be proud of their joint effort.

Havey says of changes in January, that the productions will be full length and run for two consecutive week-ends with a Thursday performance tossed in. The Staff feel "The Aftermath" is an important part of the OPEN STAGE and it will continue with informal discussions and refreshments.

And so we have a new theatre in Washington. The price of \$2 is lower than other theatres (though I'd like to see it lower still). But the OPEN STAGE is a non-profit organization. It does not exist as a legal entity, and the proceeds and donations are desperately needed to keep it floating in this early stage.

Washington not only has a new theatre, but it has an open theatre, one that welcomes the participation of the community, not only experienced, artistic personnel, but everyone interested in any aspect of the theatre. That is a great step forward.

Kaiulani Lee



THE BALTIMORE THEATRE ENSEMBLE

"...unexampled care in every detail and a finer cast than it has ever before had in this city..."

No, Virginia, DOT, is not the Department of Transportation.

Yes, Virginia, it's a real hokey, spoofy melodrama which is guaranteed to lift your spirits enough to make you forget that you've just spent this month's paycheck, and all of January and February too, on "seasonal" shopping.

Adapted from a story of domestic tranquility--its virtues and adversities--"The Cricket on the Hearth" by Charles Dickens, this 19th Century melodrama was conceived by Dion Boucocaute, and, equally conceivable, was lost until the present time.

Playing at Theatre Lobby until January 6, the production has an enormously appealing cast of players. And in typical melodramatic fashion, the evening is staccatoed with inspired audience participation. No one could be more brilliant in soliciting our "boos" than villain Mr. Jackelton, delightfully played by Frank Akers. And on the "yea" side, of course, there are Dot and her husband John Perrybingle (Cheryl Welsh and John Wildes) whose happy newlywed homelife is characterized by the song of the little cricket on the hearth. Whereas Mr. Takelton, owner of the Toy Shop prefers to upset such domestic serenity ("Oh, so you kill crickets, do you?")

Takelton is preparing to take as his Christmas bride May Fielding (Sandy Kimmel), who believes that her lover Ned Plummer (Mark Robinson) has died in a shipwreck. Ned's father, Caleb Plummer (Will Belais) has since been ruined by Takelton (remember? he's the villain?...) and Caleb has tried to conceal his poverty from his blind, innocent daughter Bertha, (Martha McIntyre). While Dot seems to be everyone's friend and confidante.

In usual melodramatic fashion, the plot takes on all of the complications, intrigues, and desperate moments of tragic soliloquy, of love requited and unrequited, and the ups and downs of Pollyanna living.

And for comic relief, Cee Crowe unabashedly and bawdily captures the essence of Tilly Slowboy, Dot's slow-witted, well-meaning and extremely entertaining maid (she may not take very good care of the baby, but she certainly can act.)



A scene from DOT, at Theatre Lobby

Also, especially excellent is Will Bellais as Caleb, the toy-maker. His eloquent gestures and demeanor offer many moments of humor. He marvelously interprets such lines as "we've got quite a run this Christmas on Noah's arks."

Wholesomely directed by Doc Dougherty, the company's esprit de corps and funky interpretations are guaranteed to leave you chuckling (how many people can say that nowadays and still be sober?)

RUTH STENSTROM

EVEN OPERA

Multi-media modernism is all around us. It has invaded all the hallowed shrines of music, theatre, dance, film, architecture, painting, etc. Now one of the most hallowed shrines of all is being rather formidably besieged by the pressures of modernism. Beginning December 18th at Lisner, the Washington Opera Society is presenting a performance of Frederick Delius' KOANGA, complete with slides, film, and multiple projection screens.

The creative personality behind this visual conception is Ron Chase, a sculptor and film-maker who is very much excited about the operatic projects he is working on. Mr. Chase traveled to Louisiana to make photographs for KOANGA, and he projects them multiply, making the images appear abstracted. Looking over some of his slide-derived settings, I found the photographs quite striking. Color, shape, and the fitting together of many images are handled with expertise by Mr. Chase.

During the opera, a film will be used to complement the slides. It features the same kind of false-color effects which Stanley Kubrick used near the end of his "trip" sequence in 2001. The whole affair stands a good chance of being an interesting forey into "new" opera. I am looking forward to seeing it. Performance dates are December 18, 20 and 21---at Lisner.

Stephen Allen Whealton

OPERA SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, INC.
FREDERICK DELIUS'
KOANGA
AMERICAN PREMIERE

EUGENE HOLMES
CLAUDIA LINDSEY
EDWARD PIERSON

DECEMBER 18, 20, 21

Conductor: Paul Callaway
 Director: Frank Corsaro
 Scenery: Ronald Chase
 Lighting: Nananne Porcher
 Costumes: Joseph Bella

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TICKET PRICES
 (Remaining seats)
 Friday, December 18, 8 P.M.

Balcony: \$5.00
 Sunday, December 20, 3 P.M.
 Orchestra: \$7.30, \$10.00
 Balcony: \$4.50, \$7.30, \$10.00

Monday, December 21, 7:30 P.M.
 Orchestra: \$7.30, \$10.00
 Balcony: \$4.50, \$7.30, \$10.00

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Can I speak,
In private,
With you about something
But don't get me wrong
Man
Ain't nothing wrong Man.
You can't say nothing
I can drink any sonofabitch
Under the table
I could slice your ass in pieces and
All I'd have to do was feel like it
I fuck bitches all night-
Just like you wish you could now
You try and say different and
I'll split your skull all over the street
And I'm just the guy to do it.

Now

There was a time
Once longtime ago
Before now

You see
i mean we had just moved I didn't
Know anyone

I was just a punk kid

No one
So shy couldn't talk
No one. Punk kid
Nervous i was nervous sonervous
but I couldn't show it.

Once I got so upset we had
Just moved Mom use to make fun
When i cried
But i couldn't help it so i couldn't cry
See
But we moved and i was torn apart
Cause i was afraid but they took me
So i found a dark closet and
i just cried my ass off
Imagine that-
Me
When I was fourteen
I decided was I no punk to do
No fucking crying and
(except for a couple of glazed eyes)
I ain't cried since
So that ain't nothing to be ashamed of
Anyway a good cry now and then can help
Lots when a fella's down
And it's nothing to be ashamed of.
No its not that but.

you see
I was always sort of experimenting
Try anything once that's me
Christ sake didn't have friends
And my sisters wouldn't play
Like before
But they were good people
And they're still nice
But something else was happening inside
i got these crazy feelings
About soft things and my whole body got nervous and excited
at the funniest times and my friends
They didn't say much til I kicked this guy's ass

i repeated twice in school
and i was a couple of years older anyway
just didn't know how to get along
But I made up for it later
I really learned how to spread those lines for the girls
But then i was so nervous around people
use to tighten up
When I discovered
How soft nylons felt
And how tight girdles felt and
ran home from school to put them on
Because they gave me a charge and
said to myself you're crazy
Stop
But i kept on cause
It felt so good and
My dick got hard and
i didn't know why
The bible said
Don't dress like a woman
and i did and i did....and i did cause

I WAS QUEER
OH GOD
I WAS QUEER

Then i stopped
Never went near them- nearly forgot
About the whole deal
Until i learned what a queer was
I stopped I won't do it anymore
But now i'm afraid the touch
Of nylon on a girl's thighs
Excites me too much
Sticking my hands in a girdle and pants
Makes me wonder what I...i crave more
And there's no hope of knowing
i'll probably die afraid
Of myself
Cause i'm afraid to find
Out for sure.

If you
Come across your rhythm
(Tuned to your vibration)
Bass is all there is,
But you don't hear it.
It was so heavy I couldn't hear myself.

If you
Look out from your beam,
Black is all there is,
But you don't see it.
I was so dark I couldn't see myself

You
Sing songs and light days
But only find what it is
In blasts and flashes of feeling.

MACK EMMELLEM



I am the lesser part of The Greatest Act in the World- "You & Me"

I brace myself
Awaiting your approach.
Body inclined with graceful swiftness
Your arms churn your legs into
Short high steps.
I clasp mu hands -
A stepping stirrup-
Hoisting you,
Stepping up,
High into the air.
I see
Rising over the upper arch
Of your circle
You head back
You shoulders back
chest forward as
You back arching with
arms precisely a bow string to your thighs
legs streaming behind
Rising and retreating from me.
Downward dipping
Plunging yet
Head to leg
Holding your pose.
Defying gravity
You turn under
Sweeping close to the ground
And bending back you rise before me
Stepping down you slip into my arms.
Bowling we dance off to a most general applause.

whatdoyou
wantmeto
sayitalnowbullshit
ill
developmymessagelike
ishouldas
igo
along

PREMISE
Reach in
To cast out
LIFE IS PERFECT
Find something within and among
To believe in

I HAVE A HUMAN LIFE
Become reborn
In humble faith

AND DON'T SEE WHY NOT
Realize at experience
Of boundless energy

TRY FOR HUMAN PERFECTION
Sink deep
To tap the source

AS A START
Fill the vacuum
Of empty unliving

CONCLUSION
Create constantly
From living

MY GOAL IS INFINITE
Open channels
For infinite possibilities

I MUST LIVE HARDER

vishnu rising now

11

In the centerfold of this paper we see the awesome Transcendental form of Lord Vishnu rising over the city of Washington, DC. Vishnu is one of the many expansions of the Personality of God; not the Hindu God, or the Indian God, but the living God Himself. Clearly, this is no ordinary picture, for the Lord is not different from his image. For Him there is no difference between material and spiritual energies, as He is the Source and Controller of both.

To the nonbeliever, this Vision of Vishnu is nothing more than an illusion created by colored inks imprinted on paper by certain artistic and mechanical arrangements. But who is illusioned? This Arca Form of Vishnu is not a fanciful creation from the imagination of a hippy cartoonist nor is it an idol created from ink and paper as is held by the iconoclasts. God is not a product of the mind of man - man is a product of the divine mind of God, who is eternally existent. In fact, there is nothing except God within and without.

Vishnu, as mentioned earlier, is an expansion of the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Krishna. It is said that Krishna never leaves his Transcendental home in the Spiritual Sky and has nothing to do with the mundane affairs of this material world, being content to play his flute, dance with the cowherd girls, and engage in other transcendental pastimes.



krishna

In the Bhagavad Gita we are told that He pervades all the material creation by his Plenary expansion known as the Purusa incarnation. Lord Vishnu is part of this Purusa incarnation, Himself being further expanded into the Ksirodakasayi Vishnu, all-pervading Supersoul of each living entity, the Garbhodaka-sayi, collective Supersoul of all living entities, and beyond these two, the Maha Vishnu, the creator of all the Universes.

The relationship of these various expansions of Vishnu is as follows: First we see the gigantic expansion of Maha Vishnu lying down in the Causal Ocean in a section of the Spiritual Sky. Innumerable universes are generated from the pores of His body when He breathes, and they exist only during the period of His outgoing breath. Within each bubble universe rising from Maha Vishnu we see the next expansion of Vishnu, Garbhodaka-sayi Vishnu. He enters into each universe and lies down on the Garbha Ocean; from His navel a lotus stem sprouts and on this lotus Brahma, the lord of the material universe, is born. Along the stem of this lotus, fourteen planetary systems are distributed, ranging from the lower hellish planets at the bottom to the divine planet at the top, Bramaloka. Although the entity may hope to live for many centuries on Bramaloka, being composed of matter under the influence of material energy, the entity must give its old body for a new. Earth, incidentally, is considered a seventh-rate planet. The third expansion of Lord Vishnu, Ksirodaka, is situated in the heart of every living entity and is in charge of the mode of goodness. Please remember that these expansions are the same in potency, but Krishna is the original Personality of Godhead.

For example, many candles may be lit from one candle and the candles are equal in illumination to the original, but they are still not the original.

We see that by these various arrangements the Lord is controlling and directing the different energies of material creation. The ordinary conditioned living entity tries to imitate the Purusa as the enjoyer of the material world, but his real eternal position is as external servant of the Supreme Lord. The living entity has become conditioned due to false identification with his body. We can see this in our day to day lives, people refer to themselves and others as "somebody". These people have forgotten their real relationship to the Lord and are trying to enjoy on their own, seeking sense enjoyment without surrendering to the Complete Whole.



vishnu

There is always this great quarrel between the laborers and the capitalists in present-day society. The quarrel has now taken an international shape, and the world is in danger. Men face each other as enemies like cats and dogs, snarling. In the Sri Isopanisad as well as in other scriptures, the human race is instructed that no one should quarrel over material possession. One must be satisfied by whatever privileges are given to him by the mercy of the Lord. There can be no peace if the communist or the capitalist or any other claims to be the proprietor of the resources of Nature, which are entirely the property of the Lord.

In the city we find ourselves in today, we see very clearly how everyone is trying to lord it over Nature and anyone else they think will submit. Very powerful men here in Washington are attempting by every means possible to exploit and control the material riches of the earth. Millions more join in the madness hoping for a piece of the action. In reaction to this others have chosen to resist the private ownership hoarding instinct with the collective ownership hoarding instinct. We are fighting like cats and dogs, with everything from Molotov cocktails to the most sophisticated technological instruments of death. And yet the things we fight and die for were never ours to begin with. The land we live on, the air we breathe, the food we eat, the very bodies we are housed in, all are Maya, the great illusion, the Lord's inferior material energy.

We all want to enjoy, this is the position of all living entities. We see the animals seeking pleasure by eating, sleeping, mating and defending their territories against encroachments against their rights to enjoy. Similarly, people are engaged in the preparation of various foods to please the palets, countless animals are slaughtered to please the stomachs of humans, elaborate and costly homes are built to sleep in, many arrangements are made with clothing, perfume, intoxicants, and entertainment to arouse sex desire, and more than half of the Americans' taxes are spent defending this way of life from enemies who are expending just about an equal amount of effort defending their particular arrangements for eating, sleeping and mating.

An existence based on satisfaction of bodily needs is, however, an animal existence. The human form is a privileged form, arrived at only after a long evolutionary journey of a soul spirit through 8,400,000 species of life. It should not be wasted by continually trying to satisfy the needs of a gross material body doomed to decay and death. To revive our eternal spiritual relationship with the Absolute and free ourselves from bondage to Maya, it is most helpful to take up some form of yoga, meaning literally to link or yoke with the Absolute Truth.

The principle Yogas, or paths of self-realization, all ultimately converging and blending, like diverse paths to the same mountaintop:

- 1-Bhakti Yoga, the way of worship and devotion to the Supreme Being. Through love the devotee transmutes all personal emotions into a God whose nature is compassion for all creation.
- 2-Karma Yoga, the way of right action, duty or selfless service without thought to results. Leads to a perception of the workings of the divine will in all outer events.
- 3-Jnana Yoga, the way of knowledge. Through scholarly reflection and discrimination the aspirant learns to reject that which is illusory, to identify with one immutable Truth underlying all phenomena - God-union.
- 4-Raja Yoga, a way of meditation, through controlling the random wandering of the mind, in which mastery is achieved over the whole apparatus of thought and unconsciousness.

Raja Yoga in turn includes:

- a-Hatha Yoga, the way of controlling the mind through mastery of the physical and vital bodies by means of asana and pranayama.
- b-Mantra Yoga, the way of controlling the mind through chanting of Words of Power, especially repetition of names of God, of which the principle one is the mystic syllable aum or om. Based on the idea that all objects are subject to vibration or sound.
- c-Kundalini Yoga, the way of arousing latent powers to produce mental illumination and superconscious perception. This involves breathing and concentration on chakras, or vital nerve plexuses, in spine and head in order to liberate the great dormant forces in human nature.

Of these many yogas, we are fortunate to find that all are methods practiced right here in "the heart of the beast". Two of the leading yogas of the West are practiced and thought on Q street, near Dupont Circle. Kundalini Yoga, an approach to the Absolute using of all Yoga techniques listed, guides the student in gradually unleashing the Serpant power from its dormant position at the base of the spine upward to the head and beyond the body. Every Sunday brings a vegetarian feast (4:30pm) at their ashram (1704 Q St.) Each guest is asked to bring an offering, fruits, flowers, change, so on. Krishna Consciousness, an approach to the Absolute through devotion (Bhakti) and chanting the Holy Names HARE KRISHNA HARE RAMA gradually cleanse the dust of centuries of accumulated material consciousness from the mirror of the mind so the reflection of God may shine clearly. They also have a vegetarian feast of delicious foods specially prepared and offered to Krishna every Sunday at their temple.

You have travelled far to reach this moment. Seize the time, and shuffle off this mortal coil and reach for the sky; you have nothing to lose but the world and nothing to regain but your soul!

THOMAS HOWELL



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A VISION OF VISHNU RISING IN THE EAST



TODAY

Today is our yesterday's having innercourse,
between themselves, our minds being
quite timeless, - ALL.

TORNADO

A Tornado, unfamiliar with what it
was supposed to do,
didn't.

APART

The space between distant Elves,
quietly burning sugar lumps down, brown
in spoons bent - praying, is as of we
together, Grapes on PODS of PEAS, in
the wrong neighborhood.

CALIFLOWER?

"Being of importance, the time and space
you're doing your califlower in,"
I question why califlower?

WAR

Assimilate; the goodness in war,
of rotting bodies for the earth,
quietly taking for plants, the minds
of men stupidly woven in war.

NEON

Neon looks plastic - it has no heat.

NOTHING

There is nothing to give when there is nothing,
however, nothing is not the same for more than one-
I have given nothing and you have taken all.

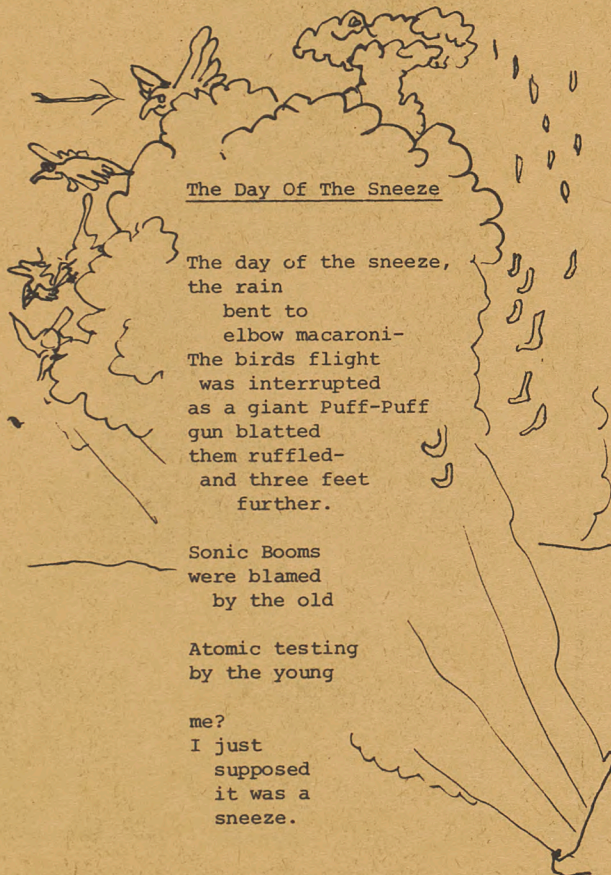


Mumbly Peg.

THE SECRET OF KEEPING YOUR
FOOD BILLS DOWN

THE BEST
WAY TO
keep food
costs down
is to
buy one
kind of T.V. dinner
you really dig,
and put it in the
freezer.

then, put a
dead frog
in on top
of it.



The Day Of The Sneeze

The day of the sneeze,
the rain
bent to
elbow macaroni-
The birds flight
was interrupted
as a giant Puff-Puff
gun blatted
them ruffled-
and three feet
further.

Sonic Booms
were blamed
by the old

Atomic testing
by the young

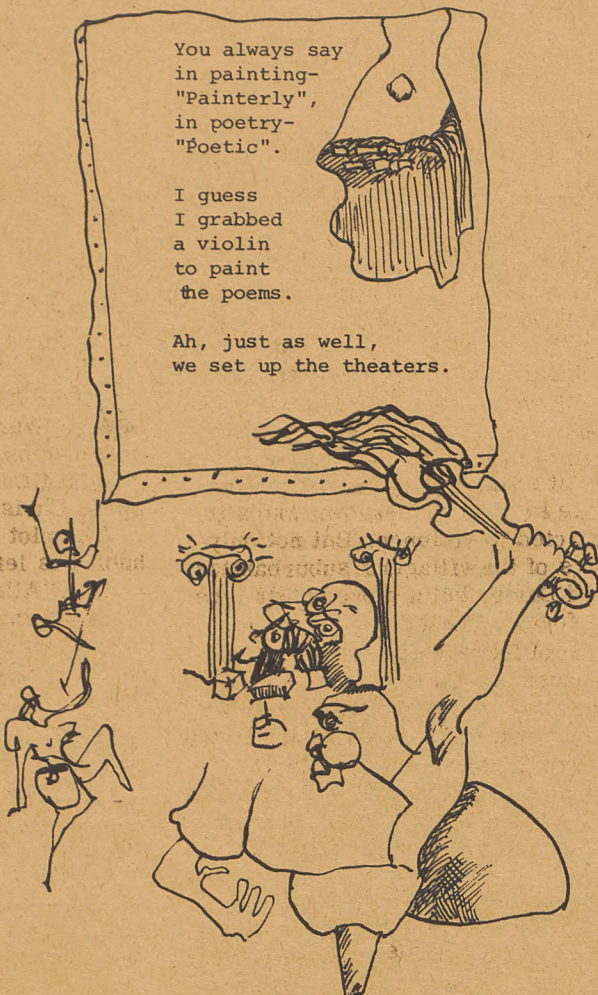
me?
I just
supposed
it was a
sneeze.

Sam Scotland

You always say
in painting-
"Painterly",
in poetry-
"Poetic".

I guess
I grabbed
a violin
to paint
the poems.

Ah, just as well,
we set up the theaters.



Why stand on stage
and cut my throat,
Why gather a crowd
and bang my head
bloody on so
many brick walls,
Why fall noticeably
to a living grave,
Why knight myself
considering you
a knave -
or queen at most
as the case
may be.
Why yell, "I'm Free!"
implying you're listening,
implying something else.
Why me?
Why is it built in -
that "me",
that's you or
anyone,
Denying already
it doesn't really matter,
We.

Man says to the wino,
"You Fool."
God says to the wino,
"I'm a Fool."

PERSONIFICATION IS LESSEDED WITH A JAR OF

PEANUT BUTTER

Sam, the nuegelent quiero
on Bastard Four,
wrote a song
while riding a whore,

"Have you seen a green-eyed cow
milking then and now,"
sang Sam, deadpan, doing his
best not to bore
the whore,
on whom he rode
while writing the score.

Continued Sam, "She's got my
harmonica," Veronica, the cow
in the score, not the whore on
the floor,
Veronica - the green-eyed cow.

Having spent as all do,
Sam bid her ado
(the whore on the floor, not
the cow in the score
For Sam undone, with the song
just begun, of Veronica -
the green-eyed cow.

"Have you seen a Green-eyed cow,
cross legged, wailing even now -
Veronica !
my harmonica !"

Sounding worse
the song he thought,
"I should have
stayed on the
whore.

Awaking would be simple,
dreams can be forgotten,

Oh, Veronica !,
let me mount again,

the milk's not due till
noon.



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The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They strip'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

from William Blake
"A Little Boy Lost"
Songs of Experience

Are such things done? Is the horror of execution by fire an actuality? Did the child die? "Tomorrow we will continue with your lessons," Itard says. Tomorrow we will continue to cover you with a solid patina of facts, thoughts; we will bring you from the wildness and baseness of indeterminate patterns to the rigidity of the "moral order"; we will label you, Victor.

L'ENFANT SAUVAGE, the WILD CHILD, random particle in dear order, by Francois Truffaut, is the story of subtle tyranny, Blake's movement from innocence to experience, to innocence again; without the last saving leap. Innocence: the black-white green and yellow forest undergrowth with a human animal surviving, and well, in a "natural order". Movement creates order; the child is unjudged (oh wonder, disgust and envy). Open space abounds in the woods and in the hope of the small boy.

Yet the creature is an animal (horror again), lower than an animal, Pinal says. An idiot. Ready for the urban pit of lost souls, the asylum. He is an imbecile. Apparently left in the forest to die by parents unknown who slit his throat unsuccessfully, the child is subjected to violence. But not only physical violence, the tauntings and beatings of the villagers, suburbanites, and inmates of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, but a more subtle type of violence, the subject of a taskmaster in forms, Itard.

The movie is a many-leveled progression of forms of repression. The visual spaces represented move from openness to closedness, from the forest to the box-shaped rooms and doorways of the country estate, from instinct-driven movement to walled-in pacing with tight shoes. Itard represents a much more sophisticated oppression than mere physical torture; he is the professional educator and his manner of teaching is a process of total immersion, ignoring previous experience. The child is raped from his past, and the loss of that virginity, the innocence, is an unexpected pain; he learns to weep.

Yet the child leaves, runs away, and then returns to the attack on his nature. Beyond the obvious perversion which forces his return, it is as if he has become aware of ignorance and its negative value (slowly drawn for him on the blackboard) of remaining in his previous state. Man, having eaten the fruit, feeds others, out of the need for unanimity, for order.

Oh, god, the film is brilliant. The characters leave nothing to be desired except what is to be desired in any situation like it. There is nothing overstated, and nothing understated except for the subtle necessity of letting simple facts speak for themselves. Itard acts too little sometimes, yet it is his nature. He does exactly what is needed at other times. Yet, his movements are well within the limits of the "true story".

Like the narrator of Marat/Sade, who continually intimates the historical nature of the atrocity, L'ENFANT SAUVAGE does not bludgeon the eye with relevance. The period presented (1798) is well preserved, yet the more structurally implicit ideas are not understated either: learning vs. teaching; the natural and unnatural act or way of life. Truffaut is not ignorant of the basic needs for a renaissance.

What's the story? What are the facts, the plot? Who wins, who loses, black hats and white? The child is almost indescribable; it would be easier to talk about the other people, or other things entirely. For the child is caught in an interface between two worlds: one the untrammelled green of a total child's innocence, and the other, learning, or pattern, or whatever it is that creates the pathos of loss in a boy's face in the city.

PAUL R. JONES

The Circle Theater is currently featuring a revival of old films—ranging from adventure, drama, swashbucklers, mystery, and anything one could think of. For current listings, check the daily papers.

The Biograph is also featuring old comedy classics of the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, etc., so check the listings for them also. The American Film Institute is also in operation; for a pamphlet giving their current programming, call 554-1000.

TRASH (Cinema 5) is the latest underground excursion under the auspices of Andy Warhol. The film is directed by Paul Morrissey who has served as cameraman, production assistant, and script collaborator on a number of Warhol films including "FLESH" which he (Morrissey) also directed. The film opens Christmas day at the Cerberus in Georgetown.

The plot deals with a few days in the life of an East Village junkie whose habit has left him impotent.

Joe D'Allesandro, who starred in FLESH and LONESOME COWBOYS portrays the young junkie in an effortless, naturalistic style that suggests the performances of both early Brando and present-day Robert Forster. His well-developed, muscular body, seen nude a great deal on-screen, could very well establish him as the screen's first male sex symbol, Mick Jagger notwithstanding.

Seventeen-year old Jane Forth makes an auspicious film debut. She plays a wealthy frustrated housewife (from Grosse Pointe, Michigan) whose home Joe breaks into. A remarkably gifted comedienne, she blends the campy chic of the '30's with a '70's sensibility that highlights her unique talents and proves her every bit equal to her superstar hype.

Holly Woodlawn as Joe's old lady who spends her days combing the streets for valuable trash and youthful pickups is a case of truly inspired casting. Miss Woodlawn is, in reality, a female impersonator and she is so convincing (a segment of her shtick consists of a campy Streisand imitation) that she may start a trend.

TRASH is an honest, earthy little film that must be accepted on its own terms if it is to be enjoyed. Its semi-improvisational dialogue and situations make for a certain spontaneous realism seldom achieved by more expensive films. In theme, content, and treatment, TRASH is a totally "now" film.

David Warren

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This fine original etching, titled "Seated Nude", has a fine history. It was done by artist John Sirica for the benefit of the Washington Free Clinic. All work and material were donated by John, and now the prints are available at Georgetown Graphics (3209 O St., NW). Cost is only \$15, with all proceeds going to support the clinic. This is one particular example of an artist and a shop-owner caring for the welfare of the people. Patronize, and consequently help the clinic.



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Counter nOTES

Getting the Paul Winter Consort's new album ROAD (A&M SP-4279) was a nice surprise; I had heard of them, but didn't know what kind of music they played. I still can't strictly classify it, but I can describe it quite easily-beautiful. Consider the make-up of the group---sax, cello, classical guitar, oboe, English horn, tabla and bass. Classical music? Not really. Classical influences, like Bach, but mostly modern conceptions utilizing jazz relationships, African tribal music, South American rhythms. In short a curious amalgam. The musicians involved (Paul Winter, David Darling, Ralph Towner, Paul McCandless, Collin Wolcott, Glen Moore) have the classical backgrounds that make their explorations all the more interesting. Included among the many fine songs on this album is David Darling's "Requiem" for a friend who was killed in Viet-Nam. It is one of the most powerful and eloquent and painful musical statements about war that I have ever heard, comparable to Penderecki's "To The Victims of Hiroshima". One can sense that it was an incredibly difficult piece to compose, and must be an even more difficult piece to perform. I am thankful that it has been recorded (the album is live, and is one of the best recorded albums ever). If the Paul Winter Consort were to have its melting-pot musical equivalent in rock-electronic music, Pink Floyd would fit the bill best. Their latest album, ATOM HEART MOTHER (Capitol ST 382) is definitely a step forward- a magnificent album. Music is always hard to describe, and new conceptions in music are even harder. Pink Floyd have for several years explored the expanse of sound, as opposed to the range, and their albums have grown continually, searching both inner and outer space. For instance, they incorporate everyday sounds like breakfast noises or a gentle waterfall into their compositions- and it works. Once again, the recording quality is unbelievably good. An album meant for concentration and, hopefully, a good stereo.

SPIRO T. AGNEW IS A RIOT. Actually that's the name of an album (Cadet Concept CCX-1). A product of Earle Doud, it resembles the Fbirst Family and LBJ albums, although the voice of the album Agnew is not an imitation of the real one. There are many good moments, the best being a verbal sparring match between Agnew and Buckley and an elongated interview with "Jack Frost" for television. It's almost frightening how well some of these routines hit home.

For lovers of the Incredible String Band, a Christmas bonus comes in the form of the double lp U(Elektra TE-2002), their pantomime parable. As theatre, the records lack the sense of movement that is implied, but as music, the piece works in the unique ISB style. The recording quality on this album is the best ever for ISB and captures their ethereal quality much more firmly, particularly the percussive aspects. As to just what makes the ISB so unique- well, that answer lies only in the rec ord and in the listener's willingness to accept a very beautiful conception on the part of the musicians.

Spirit's latest album, TWELVE DREAMS OF DR. SARDONICUS (Epic S30267) is possibly their best yet. Spirit, it seems, has returned to the mellowness of their first album. Songs like "Nature's WAY", "Love Has Found a Way", "Why Can't I Be Free" and "Soldier" are casual journeys, a difference from the ofetn phrenetic pace we encounter these days. Spirit has always been one of the groups you did more than just listen to- you appreciated them, because they put you at ease, they reached you on an inward plane. For a while, they lost themselves in commerciality, but this album marks a return to the old form of a few years ago when a lot of us thought Spirit was one of the best groups around. Maybe they still are.

Continuing a tradition begun by Edward R. Murrow, Columbia has produced I CAN HEAR IT NOW- THE SIXTIES (M3X30353). As usual, there will be questioning of the selections- why this and not that. As it happens, most of what one could consider the dramatic, important and representative aspects of the last decade are well-captured on the six sides that comprise the album. The assassinations, the War, the speeches that indicate the course of both foreign and internal policies, the news reports, the music, the accusations and the replies, the poetry. It is a fine collection- one that can make you cry or laugh or shudder or think back to an incredible decade.

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LONG HAIR MUSIC

I think Cowboy's first album, REACH FOR THE SKY (Atco Sd-33-351) is a tremendous one. The sound is very original, for the most part acoustically oriented, with all instrumentation clear and precise. The mood of the songs is definitely optimistic and introspective. The lyrics reflect a very insightful understanding of people. Songs like "Livn' in the Country", "Everything Here", "Use Your Situation" and others feature excellent melodies. "Everything Here" is a happy foot-stomping statement about the kind of music Cowboy plays: "You ain't got to play so many notes/if you get what each note brings". "Josephine Beyond Compare" and "Pretty Friend" are lovely ballads of loving understanding. One set of lyrics in "Song of Love and Peace" goes: "Are they happy/singing songs of love and peace/of a sound so nice to hear/you feel too near to draw away and feel release?" I feel the answer is yes, and that's what makes this such a great album.

Bert Jansch is one of the few major artists still working out a relationship with traditional music- that is, on this album JACK ORION (Vanguard VSD-6544), he uses traditional ballads but infuses them with the spirit of today. Not electrifying them or anything, just shifting away from the rigorous rhythms of trad music. Except for Ewan MacColl's "The First Time Ever I Saw Her Face", the songs are all from the English folk-heritage---- "Nottamun Town", "Henry Martin", "Pretty Polly", etc. Jansch is considered one of the finest acoustic guitarists around (and he is additionally helped on some cuts by Jphn Renbourn, whose reputation is equally fine). Jansch's voice is a very natural baritone and suits his material well.

DUNCAN PAIN (Atco 33-344) is a singer-composer whose strains are country-folkish, with semo-classical traces showing through on songs like "Face The Day". For the most part his songs are competent, and his voice is just a little more so. He does have a knack for occasionally striking images, and these make up the major attraction of the album.

ACCOLADE (Capitol ST597) is a fine group with a very distinctive sound-- something like what might happen if Traffic merged with Jethro Tull and went totally acoustic. Two guitars, stand-up bass (so rare these days, and such a superior type of bass), flute and drums- that is the make-up of the group. Most of the songs come from the two guitarists- Don Partridge and Gordon Giltrap. "Prelude To a Dawn", "Never Ending Solitude" and "Ulysses" are some of the songs. The latter, along with the standard "Nature Boy" run around ten minutes each, allowing Accolade to develop a thematic progression lacking in much of this type of music. The vocals and instrumentation are very mature and well-thought out, with an apparently easy working relationship between band members. The liner notes adequately describe it as "controlled, complex simplicity..." A very intelligent album.

The Music Asylum's first album COMMIT THYSELF (United Artists S6776) is basically the brothers Argese, Louis and Leonard, with Leonard Conforti providing the percussion. The mood of the album is less rock than jazz; not the fusion of the two, but definitely the fell of the latter. Leonard Argese is a competent guitarist and together with his brother, he composes songs that seem to be intended for improvisation off the melody lines. "Move", for instance, is constructed of alternate chording with improvisation built into the bridges between the chords. It allows the song to build momentum and allows the players to become comfortable with the format. Except for Dylan's "Million Dollar Bash", all the material is original.

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The Velvet Underground's **LOADED** (Cotillion SD9034) is sort of a departure from their old days - and a dynamite album. Except for one shlocky song, "I Found A Reason", there isn't a bad cut on the album. The subjects of the songs are for the most part concerned with a sense of the city--aging actresses, teenybops, rockandroll. A lot of the songs are gently slick (in a good way) but it is in two particular songs that the group stands out. "Sweet Jane" is like something Dylan would have done during his rock period. And "Rock and Roll" ? One of the most incredible songs of its kind. It mixes Dylan's voice with Jagger's style--and the result is overpowering. Definitely the best cut on a fine album, a song dealing with modern platitudes, isolation and communication.

Nico, who used to be with the Velvet Underground, has delivered her second album, **DESERTSHORE** (Reprise S6424) and it is a particular gem, thanks to the co-ordination and arrangements of John Cale. One develops a feeling of being in a cathedral--the music is gothic and supreme. "Janitor of Lunacy" and "My Only Child" are based on organ crescendoes and booming bases, framing Nico's unusual voice. My favorite cut is "Afraid", a song of such incredible simplicity in construction that its effect is shattering. There is a very strange mood to this album--it is beautiful in a very satanic manner.

BILLY AND CHARLES on Faithful Virtue Records (FV-2001) are two young poetbrothers who share instrumental duties on this, their first album. Theirs is a very relaxed, country-influenced style, with emphasis on the lyrics and melody, and less on the arrangements. The contents of the songs are simplistic, but internally complex; witness, in "Mother Earth": "She said/there is now and I will play this game until eternity, she said/she said, I will make you each and all, everyone a part of me, she said/And you say you've never seen no rainbows/You've never felt the smile of sunny days/And all you see are walls of stifling shadows draped in shades of grey... On the face of this forgive me but its hard to think of what to say---Look, the sky is blue/Hear, the sea is laughing, too/Open up your hands to feel the earth/The World Is You." A gentle album with much poetry.

Tom Rush has always been a fine interpreter of other people's material. This new album **WRONG END OF THE RAINBOW** (Columbia C30402) is as good as **THE CIRCLE GAME**, mixing some of his own material with that of people like Jesse Winchester and James Taylor; as a matter of fact, Rush is probably the best interpreter of Taylor. His own songs (mostly co-authored with his musical partner in performance, Trevor Veitch) are very lyrical and best proscribe his style--the performer as poet and as sage. The title cut, "Merrimac County" and "Starlight" are ballads in the most traditional sense, songs of innocent intents and hallowed memories. The arrangements throughout the album are excellent, framing the work of one of our finest balladeers.

DON EVERLY (yes, of the Everly brothers) has a solo album (A&M/Ode SP77005) and its a gas. Except for two songs ("Tumbling Tumbleweeds" & "Sweet Dreams"), he wrote all the material, and he's backed by some fine people, including Ry Cooder and Most of the Burrutto Brothers. "Safari" is the only non-countryish song, sort of a rock-calypto number, very strange. Sneaky Pete Kleinow's steel guitar gives substance to a lot of the material, songs like "Omaha" and "Don't Drink the Water". The best song on the album is undoubtedly "Eyes of Asia", which should be released as a single. It is the kind of song Elvis once did, and Everly gives it a beautiful reading. It is a love song, light and lyrical. For the most part, the album is simply constructed, with Everly's voice pleasant, and always front and center. Quite a surprising album, really.

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usual and unusual gifts

Laura Nyro is also back in her old form (of "Eli and the Thirteen Confessions") with her fourth album. This one, **CHRISTMAS AND THE BEADS OF SWEAT** is as beautifully conceived as "Eli" was. With the exception of her version of "Up On the Roof", all the material is her own, and testifies to her very unique sense of beauty and musicality. Her vocal style has always benefited from her sense of poetry--an almost theatrical combination, best exemplified in songs like "Christmas In My Soul" and "Map To the Treasure". I've always preferred Laura's lilting style (like in the present "When I Was A Freeport and You Were The Main Drag"). No matter, she is a unique, gigantic talent, and this album is a fine representation of her range.

MAYPOLE (Colossus CS1007) is a new group from Baltimore, one of the few with any merit. Although this is their first album, one can sense a fine future for these talented musicians. They display much sensitivity and are able to combine it with good rock. Maypole's tight arrangements, good vocals and creative lyrics are especially evident on Side I, which features two sets of three songs, somewhat like a mini-"TOMMY". They have played in this area (most recently with Bob Seeger) and audience reaction has been very enthusiastic for their exciting show. December 26th, they'll be at Northern Virginia Community College, in concert.

Paul Kantner's **BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE** (RCA LSP4448) is, in conception, a revolutionary album. Not of the mindless violence or the escapist futility, but of the hopeful, optimistic sensibility. The vision is of the future, the hi-jacking of the starship through which a new world, a new creation will evolve. There is disdain for the old, ugly values and moralities, the madness--in its place there is a universe of sharing and discovery. The music is not just Kantner's---it is also the product of Grace Slick, Jack Cassidy, members of the Grateful Dead, David Crosby, Graham Nash, and others. It is a fascinating album, from conception to execution.

BOB DYLAN "NEW MORNING" INCLUDING: SIGN ON THE WINDOW IF NOT FOR YOU/THREE ANGELS WENT TO SEE THE GYPSY/IF DOGS RUN FREE	SANTANA/ABRAXAS including: Black Magic Woman/Gypsy Queen Hope You're Feeling Better Incident At Neahabur Mother's Daughter El Niocya	The Firesign Theatre Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers	Marrying Maiden It's A Beautiful Day including: The Dolphins/Soapstone Mountain/Good Lovin' Do You Remember The Sun?/Essence Of Now	Simon and Garfunkel Bridge Over Troubled Water including: The Boxer Baby Driver Bye Bye Love Keep The Customer Satisfied Bridge Over Troubled Water
John Cale Vintage Violence including: Cleo Fairweather Friend/Adelaide Big White Cloud/Amsterdam	The New York Rock Ensemble Roll Over including: Running Down The Highway/Traditional Order Gravedigger/Fields Of Joy/Don't Wait Too Long	TOM RUSH including: Child's Song/Wild Child/Old Man's Song Drop Down Mama/Colors Of The Sun	JOHNNY WINTER AND INCLUDING: ROCK AND ROLL, HOOCHIE KOO NO TIME TO LIVE/AIN'T THAT A KINDNESS PRODIGAL SON/LOOK UP	THE FLOCK/DINOSAUR SWAMPS including: Big Bird/Lighthouse/Green Slice Hornschmeyer's Island/Crabfoot

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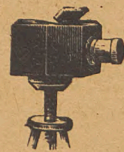
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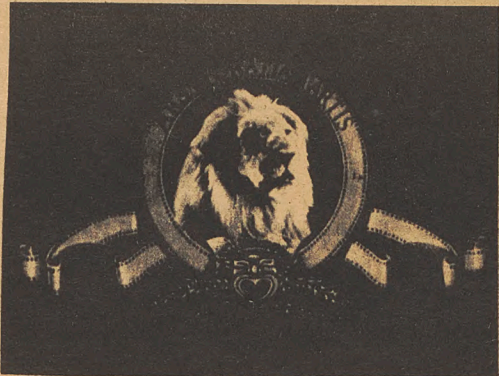
december 19...Tom Rush
Maypole
Flash Gordon
plus..."The Claw
Monsters"

december 26...The Byrds
Oliver
two Flash
Gordon Serials
plus..."The Human
Monster"



The Byrds

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Important notes: If you joined for our opening season at the National Gallery, your membership is good at least through December. We now have over 6,500 members, but need many more to provide adequate support for our greatly expanded programs. Please help us by recruiting your friends.

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FRI DEC 18 8:00 PM



OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS

"The willing Victorian maiden went quite out of style. The Dancing Daughters we see in the films are tough and pretty and saucy, with endless funds of resource and energy and wit and spirit. They dance till dawn, then Charleston all the way home. They admire good-looking men without embarrassment and pursue them without inhibition."—David Robinson. Joan Crawford stars in this perfect expression of twenties hedonism, made just before the crack-up. (1928. Directed by Harry Beaumont. 90 mins.) Also:

THE CONQUERING POWER

A lavish romance, based on Balzac's *Eugenie Grandet*, with Valentino as a Parisian dandy in love with a young heiress. A pictorially distinguished work, Lewis Jacobs described it as "a picture maker's picture, the work of a man who believed that 'fine atmosphere and characterization are of more vital importance than incident, for, nine times out of ten, it is the characters and mood in a great novel that we remember—rather than the plot.'" (1921. Directed by Rex Ingram. Starring Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry. 75 mins. Both films have piano accompaniment).

SAT DEC 19 8:00 PM



THE CAMERAMAN

One of Buster Keaton's last great comedies. He plays a street photographer who tries to win fame and romance as a news cameraman. His great opportunity comes with a Tong war in Chinatown. Keaton's miraculous timing and balletic grace heighten the fun.—M.W. (1928. 88 mins.) Also:

EXIT SMILING

This was one of the biggest successes of our opening program in January. "For sheer timing of gestures and movements and knockabout slapstick, Bea Lillie in this one film is virtually the peer of Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, and Laurel and Hardy. She does incredibly precise things with loose pearls slithering down her slinky décolletage in the midst of a snap-jawed vamp scene..." wrote Andrew Sarris in *The Village Voice*. (1926. Directed by Sam Taylor. 90 mins.)

SUN DEC 20 8:00 PM



THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

"Loving and practised hands have really improved Wilde's original, cutting down the epigrammatic flow of Lord Henry Wotton, and rooting out all the preciousness which gets in the way of the melodrama. By dint of remaining practically immobile, Hurd Hatfield's godlike young aristocrat acquires a sort of aloof and wooden potency; George Sanders mellifluously delivers his supply of aphorisms as Dorian Gray's evil genius, Lord Henry."—Richard Winnington. (1945. Directed by Albert Lewin. 110 mins.)

MON DEC 21 8:00 PM

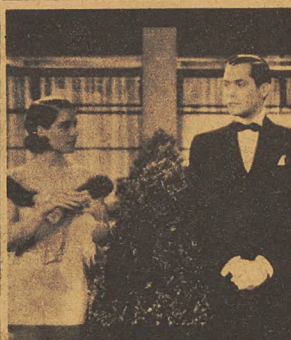


HALLELUJAH!

King Vidor made this all-black drama as a labor of love—a sincere tribute to their religious fervor, the beauty of their spirituals, and the candor of their sexual relations. His project was constantly turned down by the studio executives—until the coming of sound made attractive the idea of a film combining prayer-meetings, banjo playing and blues. Today, forty years on, the naïve

cotton-pickin' dorkie is considered as insulting a stereotype as Stepin' Fetchit and much of the film will jar uncomfortably. But as a finely-crafted drama and as a valuable historical document it is well worth seeing.—M.W. (1929. Starring Daniel Haynes, Nina Mae McKinney. 120 mins.)

TUES DEC 22 8:00 PM



PRIVATE LIVES

"As Amanda and Elyot, divorcees who meet again on the night of their second marriages and realize they have always been in love, Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery are superb. Cool, desperate to be uncommitted but frequently slipping, they convince completely, especially in the famous balcony scene where, first with bitterness then returning passion, they review their marriage and the meaninglessness of their lives since its ending. Noel Coward's malicious wit comes out in all their exchanges. For polish, few comedies of the Thirties can equal this early alliance of cinema and stage."—John Baxter. (1931. Directed by Sidney Franklin. 87 mins.)

WED DEC 23 8:00 PM



THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929

Following the success of its first musical, *Broadway Melody*, MGM conjured up this potpourri of songs and variety turns. Practically every star in the studio (except Garbo) did a turn, from Buster Keaton playing a sozzled submariner to Norma Shearer and John Gilbert doing the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. William Haines, Joan Crawford, Marlon Davies, Bessie Love and Charles King did songs and skits. Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny were masters of ceremonies. There was an Albertina Rasch ballet and a lot of trick camera effects. The most memorable of its song numbers was *Singin' In The Rain*. (1929. 113 mins.)

SAT DEC 26 3:00 PM



GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

Robert Donat and Greer Garson star in the original version of James Hilton's famous novel about an English schoolmaster. Shot in England just before war broke out it is doubly nostalgic; the story itself is an historical chronicle, and the thirty years that have passed have given this production a most agreeable mellowness. Mr. Chips himself is a compendium of memories, and Donat gives the role ideal treatment.—M.W. (1939. Directed by Sam Wood. 113 mins.)

SAT DEC 26 8:00 PM



THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

A gaudy kaleidoscope of the life and achievements of America's greatest showman. The comic interludes, Irving Berlin's musical numbers and the dazzling production numbers add up to entertainment of a

high order. William Powell plays the showman, Fannie Brice makes a brief appearance, and the famous girls are all that legend suggests.—M.W. (1936. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. 180 mins.)

SUN DEC 27 3:00 PM



INTRUDER IN THE DUST

"Shot almost entirely in William Faulkner's home town of Oxford, Mississippi, the film focuses on the events of two days during which a stubborn, proud Negro, Lucas Beauchamp is held in the town jail on suspicion of having murdered a white man by shooting him in the back. This is one of Clarence Brown's last and best films, recalling his masterpieces of the 1930s, *Ah Wilderness* and *Of Human Hearts* in its depiction of small-town life. But while those films were affectionate, *Intruder* is harsh and bitter. Juano Hernandez makes of Lucas a dignified, imposing figure, too scornful of whites to reveal the truth of his innocence."—Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg. (1949. Directed by Clarence Brown. 87 mins. Short to be announced.)

SUN DEC 27 8:00 PM



THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

"Adapted from a successful Broadway play by Philip Barry, a specialist in society comedies that centered on the dissatisfactions of the rich, *The Philadelphia Story* belongs to the gay, sometimes venomously satirical but optimistic pre-war era of Hollywood films. Grant and Stewart are both expert and engaging; but it is above all Katharine Hepburn's film. Without her, it would have been much less. Perhaps no actress can manage artificial comedy with such assurance and wit, and here her temperament—vital, glittering, delicately exaggerated—is unforgettably displayed."—Gavin Lambert. (1940. Directed by George Cukor. 110 mins.)

MON DEC 28 8:00 PM



THE CLOCK

"*The Clock* is that rare thing in the cinema, a short story whose success depends, not on the plot or the stars, but on the detail of its telling. Robert Walker and Judy Garland as the soldier and the girl who trip over one another and marry at the end of a two-day leave are both excellent. But what I should recommend in the film is the ease with which small incident leads to small incident, the pleased air with which the camera, having found a good thing, holds it to let us enjoy it too... What a relief it is to find superb comic performances leading to nothing except themselves and a general impression of bustling, flowing life!"—Dilys Powell. (1944. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. 90 mins. Short to be announced.)

TUES DEC 29 8:00 PM



A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Jack Conway, one of MGM's less familiar directors, had much in common with Howard Hawks. "His direction of Ronald Colman in *A Tale of Two Cities* seems, because of the aptness of the Sydney Carton character to Conway's approach, especially effective; nobody has captured so accurately Carton's melancholy fatalism or the moral necessities which can drive a man to self-destruction. If only for the scene where Carton waits in the snow at Christmas time and watches the carollers and church-goers hurry past to the warmth of the home which he does not possess, *A Tale of Two Cities* must be considered one of the most successful films of the period."—John Baxter. (1935. 120 mins.)

WED DEC 30 8:00 PM



THE CITADEL

A finely-acted drama about a young Scots doctor, forced to choose between fame and service to the community. The same story as Ford's *Arrowsmith*, by the same author, A. J. Cronin, it's an equally good film. Robert Donat is utterly convincing as the doctor; he is well supported by Rosalind Russell, Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison and Emlyn Williams. One of the most distinguished of MGM's British productions.—M.W. (1938. Directed by King Vidor. 100 mins.)

THURS DEC 31 8:00 PM



THE THIN MAN

The first of a highly entertaining series of comedy thrillers, starring Myrna Loy and William Powell, based on a novel by Dashiell Hammett. Myrna Loy had become typecast as an Oriental seductress, when

Thalberg spotted her and signed her for MGM. He devised her role as the wife of a private detective. Neither Miss Loy nor Powell had done comedy before, but the gamble paid off.—M.W. (1934. 93 mins.)

HOW TO GET TO L'ENFANT PLAZA

By Car

The main approach to L'Enfant Plaza is located at Independence Avenue and L'Enfant Promenade (formerly 10th Street) SW. Once you are inside the Plaza, follow the signs for parking and AFI Theatre; they lead to the lower level. The new theatre is located immediately adjacent to inside, supervised parking (50¢ for all evening).

From Silver Spring, Bethesda, Georgetown: Take Rock Creek Parkway to the Lincoln Memorial following the sign to Independence Avenue. Turn right off Independence at L'Enfant Promenade, between the supporting columns of the Forrestal Building.

From Northwest: Take Pennsylvania Avenue to 7th Street and turn right. Follow 7th to D Street SW and turn right. Follow D to Lower 10th Street (you will be under the Plaza). Turn left to parking and theatre.

From Arlington: Cross Arlington Memorial Bridge and take second exit from Lincoln Memorial Circle. Turn left at traffic light onto Independence Avenue which goes directly by the Plaza entrance at L'Enfant Promenade (formerly 10th Street).

From Alexandria: Take the 14th Street Bridge to second traffic light. Turn right onto Independence Avenue. L'Enfant Plaza entrance is to the right at the second traffic light on Independence.

From Southwest, Southeast, and Prince Georges County: Take Southwest Freeway to 7th Street SW Exit. Follow signs to L'Enfant Plaza Parking and theatre.

From Northeast: Take New York Avenue to Public Library (Mount Vernon Square). Turn left down 7th Street to D Street SW. Follow D to Lower 10th Street (you will be under the Plaza). Turn left to parking and theatre.

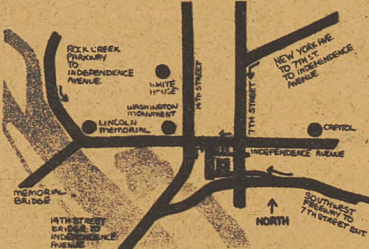
By Public Transit: Route 30, 32, 34, and 36 buses from Friendship Heights stop at 7th and Independence Avenue, just a few blocks from the Plaza. Inbound buses are marked with their various street destinations. Outbound are all marked Friendship Heights and may be

boarded on Independence Avenue to the east of 7th Street.

Route 52 buses from 14th and Colorado, NW, stop just in front of the entrance to L'Enfant Plaza at Independence and L'Enfant Promenade (10th Street). Inbound they are marked Navy Yard; outbound, 14th and Colorado.

V4 and V6 buses from Ridge Road and 33rd & Bayne NE stop at Lower 10th Street and D, by the lower level of the Plaza. Inbound they are marked Bureau of Engraving; outbound, with their final street destinations.

Transfer information for any of these bus lines is available from D.C. Transit Route Information at 832-4300. The bus company informs us that these buses run until past midnight.



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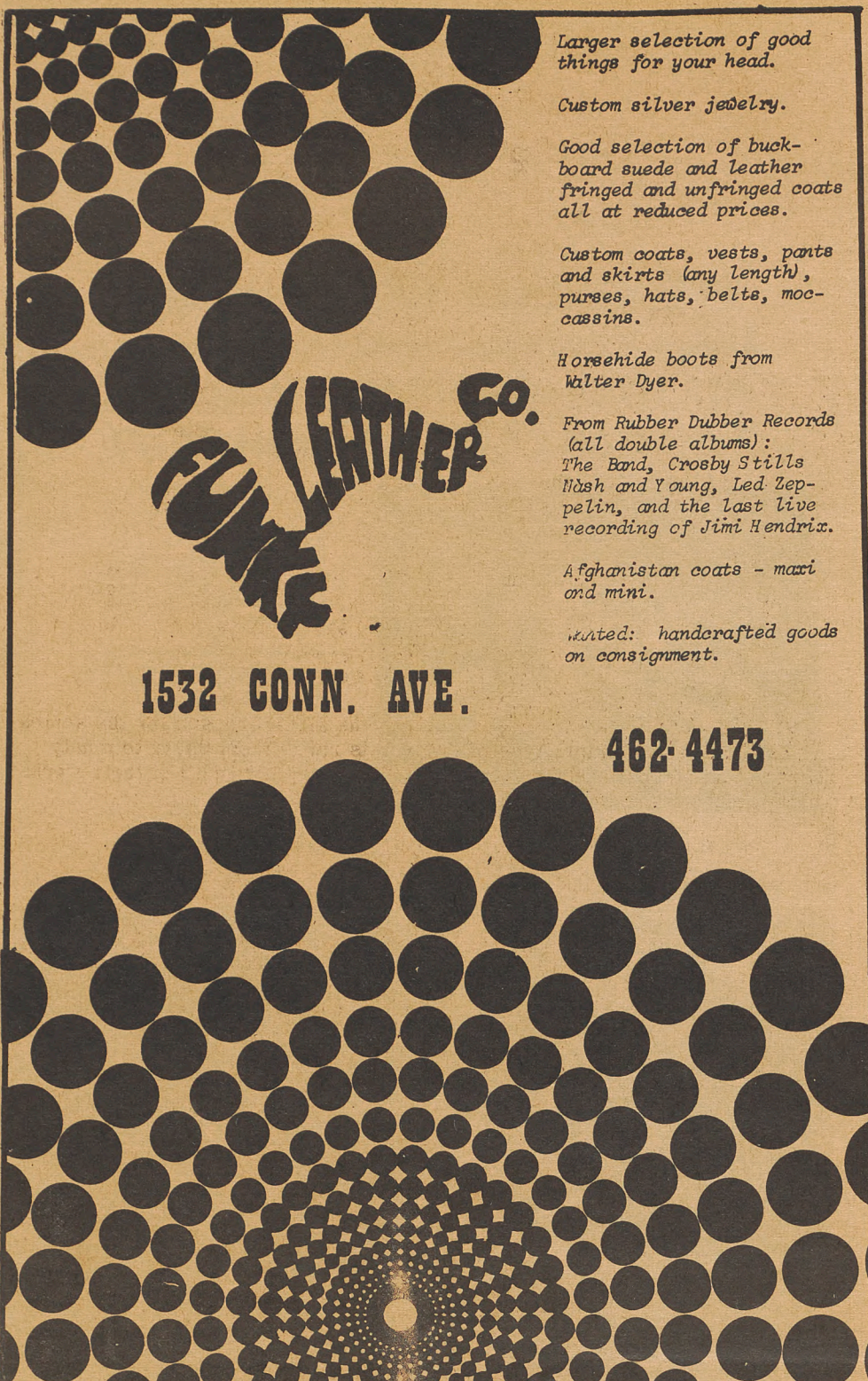
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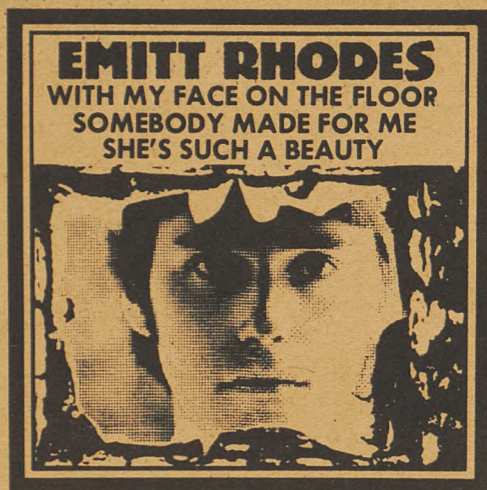
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GALLERY

OLYMPISCHE SPIELE MUNCHEN 1972

The Poster Place is hosting a landmark exhibit of graphics striking in beauty as well as in spirit. Edition Olympia 1972, a non-profit organization formed by West Germany's Olympic Games Organizing Committee and Munich's 100-year old publishing company, Bruckman, has commissioned several of the world's most prominent artists to create posters and graphics celebrating the XXth Olympiad to take place in Munich in August of 1972. This is the first time in the history of the Olympic Games that a major effort by the administrative branch has been made to combine physical beauty and visual aesthetics purposing to bring together all elements of the world community.

The final series will be composed of 24 to 30 graphics representing Victor Vasarely, Oskar Kokoschka, Hans Hartung, Marino Marini, Pierre Soulages, Allen Jones, Serge Poliakoff, Fritz Winter, Eduardo Chillida, Charles Lapicque, Pierro Dorazio, Jan Lenica, Shusaku Arakawa, Horst Antes, Josef Albers, Max Bill, Alan D'Arcangelo, Tom Wesselmann, David Hockney, Otmur Alt and R. B. Kitaj.

The characteristics of the Olympiad and the artists chosen for the series are remarkably similar. Ages of the artists range from thirty to ninety years yet an eternal exuberance for life is apparently in all of their works. Their talents transcend partisan and national boundaries, reaching the higher plane of spiritual unity. The games, too, celebrate life and the brotherhood of man.

It is difficult to choose examples when an entire show is so impressive. In an attempt to represent various approaches to the problem, I have chosen the following:

(1) Oskar Kokoschka, the Austrian Expressionist, is known internationally for his landscapes and portraits. Working primarily in watercolors, lithographs, and painting, his art is characterized by striking colors and nervous energetic lines. His contribution to the series is a twenty-color serigraph of a male nude; he uses a quick, sketchy technique involving large strokes and linear definition.

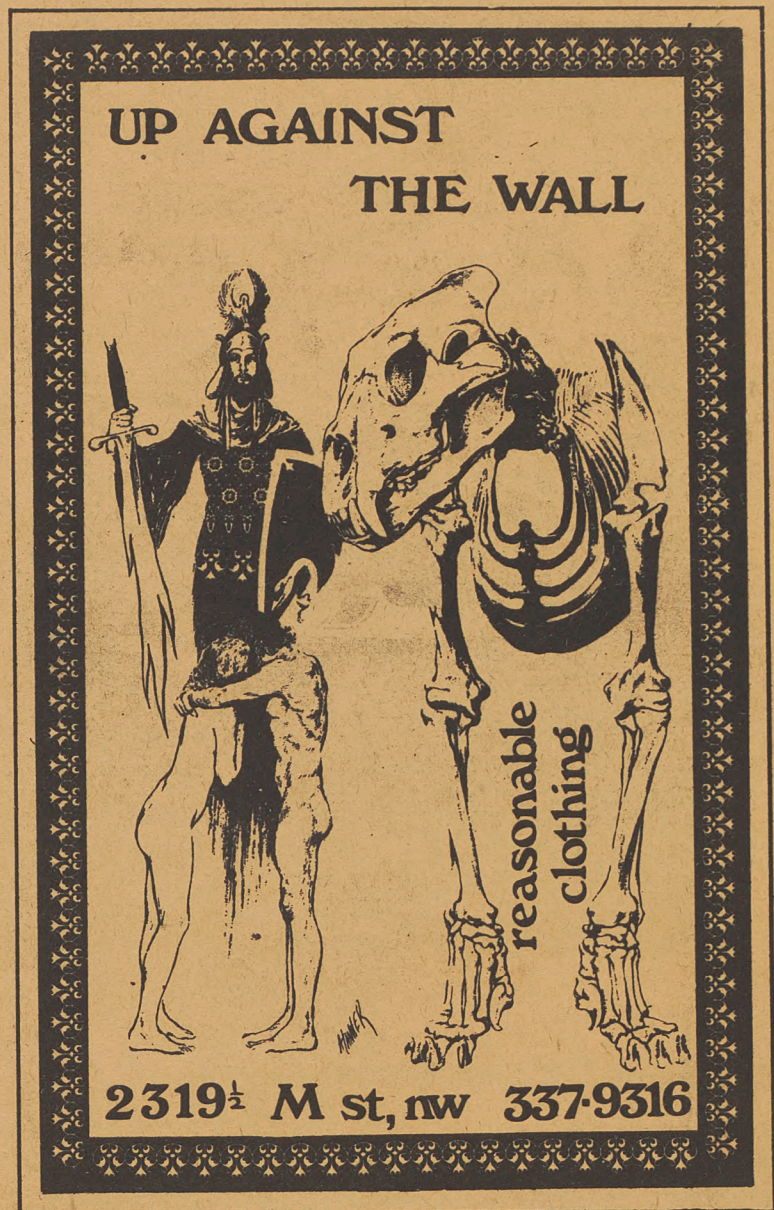
Kokoschka was born in Poechlarn-on-Danube in 1886, and studies at the Vienna Kunstgewerbeschule. The Nazis labeled him "degenerate" and he took refuge in London. He later moved to Switzerland where he now resides. The artist believes strongly in art as an alternative to conceptual language, with its purpose being to widen Man's view of reality.

(2) Hans Hartung is important as an innovator. His abstract paintings and graphics were among the first works of art to explore "tachisme" and America's "action painting", both intuitive methods where the application of the medium is dictated by emotional rather than intellectual forces. Hans has created a four-color lithograph for the Olympic poster series. Essentially in black and yellow, this piece is non-representational, demonstrating his feelings for strong rhythms and linear movement.

Born in Leipzig, Germany in 1904, he acquired an education in the art academies of Leipzig, Munich, and Dresden. In 1945 Hartung became a French citizen.

(3) Serge Poliakoff, the French abstract painter and graphic artist died in 1969, just after the completion of his Olympic poster. The piece is a nine-color lithograph strongly imbued with all of his well-known qualities: large, angular shapes and the superimposing of layers of color to create the illusion of one pure but vibrating tone. It is attractive in its bold simplicity.

Born in Moscow in 1906, Poliakoff studied at the Slade School in London, and in Paris, where he resided from 1923 until his death in 1969. He was the winner of the 1948 Kandinsky Prize, and in 1960, the Bern Museum (Switzerland) exhibited a major retrospective of his work.



(4) Eduardo Chillida is an abstract sculptor and his graphics are heavily influenced by the touch of stone, wood, and metal. His black and white lithograph is a powerful statement in mass and movement.

Born in 1924, Chillida makes his home in San Sebastian, Spain (also his birthplace).

(5) Shusaku Arakawa, a young Japanese artist, has submitted one of the most impressive posters in the series. Combining various elements (photography, painting, and mathematical precision), Arakawa juxtaposes movement, color, boundaries. Printed on mirror-like Alkocrom-Folio are graphing lines under which is a strip of film showing in sequence the movements of a single runner. Each frame is matched to a color in the spectrum. The result is a highly effective piece involving design and spirit in a successful compromise.

The artist was born in Tokyo in 1936 and educated at the Mushashino Art University. He has lived and worked in New York since 1959.

The posters are being released in three forms. Two hundred hand-signed and numbered prints on "Rives" and "Arches" or other fine papers; an edition of 4,000 signed-in-the-stone (or plate) on a heavy stock; and an unlimited edition of off-set prints. Each poster measures about 40"x25". Kennedy Graphics of Kennedy Galleries in New York has been selected as the exclusive distributor of the series in the United States, Canada, and Japan.

The exhibit at the Poster Place (1658 33d Street, NW) is really fine. It accomplishes the purpose of life: the unity and beauty that are often pushed below the surface.

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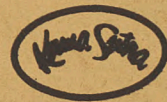
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